

To the Honorable Judge Jon Tigar,

My name is Ryan Jay Rosenthal and I will be standing before you on 10/26 for my sentencing.

In this letter I wanted to take some time to express my understanding of some of the harm I've caused, to apologize, to share how I've started to grow from this experience.

I never intended to harm anyone, but I understand and accept that I did. At a minimum, my actions harmed the lives of two young girls, their families, my mother, friends and family, as well as the community. I am so deeply and profoundly sorry. I'm at a loss for words to express how sorry I am. The reality that I can't undo what I did, that I can't fix, right my wrongs, haunts me. I will live with this for the rest of my life, in shame and regret.

Prior to being here I had an engaging 12-year career that I adored and a wonderful girlfriend who I loved with every fiber of my being. She lived with me, she

Exhibit B

loved me and in the aftermath of my arrest, she left me. I certainly don't blame her. My actions devastated her. She's had an exceptionally hard life. While not my intention, I abandoned her and took away her home, her safety and peace of mind in the blink of an eye. I worry that she may be homeless and I hope she's ok. I miss her every day. I regularly have nightmares about how I've hurt her.

My now 71-year old mother has depended on me for quite some time. I'm her only child. She hasn't worked since I was born. She's legally deaf and can barely walk, stemming from a broken hip that healed poorly. I've gladly taken care of her as long as I've been able, supporting her financially and looking after her well being. I love my mom. It's quite possible she may lose her home because of me. The stress I've caused her, especially at her age, is immeasurable. Worse, I fear she'll pass away during my incarceration. Living with that is a sadness unlike any I've known.

This barely scratches the surface of the harm I've caused and doesn't even touch on the impact I've had on the young girls -

and their families. Every day I think about what I've done and how it may have harmed them. I'll never know just how deeply. No matter how sorry I am, no matter how much I may grow from this, my actions will have stained their life. The very least I can do is dedicate myself to do no harm, intentional or not, and to be a better person today, tomorrow and in the future.

I've been incarcerated for over 18 months now. The vast majority of the time, I'm completely alone. Previously, I've dated or been in relationships consistently since I was 13-years old, up until my arrest at 35. I've thrown myself into any employment I could find, happily working 80 hour weeks for years. In a sentence, I've been running from myself ever since my father passed away when I was 12. I've avoided being alone or standing still. I can't overstate how initially difficult this time alone has been for me. Honestly, I've learned more about myself in the last 18 months than I have in many, many years. I doubt I would have ever afforded myself an opportunity to slow down and digest my thoughts, actions, desires and fears. It's a shame-

that my incarceration is what it took to start my self-examination.

I'm ashamed of how I've acted and how haphazardly I treated those I love and care for. I'm grateful for the unwavering support of my mother, extended family and few close friends. I've let them all down. They deserve better and I intend to give it to them. I'm sorry. I know those words mean little unless they're backed by action and change. I am adamant that I will never cause harm like this again. Never is a promise I will keep, for the two young girls as well as for myself. I will carry this with me for the rest of my life. I can just barely stomach that, knowing that I'm better today than who I was. I will do all I must to be better tomorrow than who I am today.

Thank you for your time, Your Honor.

Respectfully,

Ryan J. Rosenthal
